

A/N This story is OOC, AU and every other warning you can think of. It contains spanking (though well deserved)...erm...what else? Well, anyway, you were warned, so don't come complaining to me. And don't flame me. I hate the heath.

Harry Potter smirked.

Today was the first day of his new life. Finally.

At his feet wiggled the puddle of goo that was all that remained of the once mighty Dark Lord Voldemort. He giggled a bit. The Dark Wizard didn't look very fearful now.

Right now, Jello looked scarier then the Dark Lord. Well, maybe just as scary.

Harry winked at Ron and Hermione, who were standing a little behind him. He grinned at Neville, Luna and Ginny.

"Thanks guys. Couldn't have done it without you."

They waved merrily at him as he stepped on Sirius's old motorbike and kickstarted it into the air.

"So long, farewell, auf wiedersehen, goodbyeeeeeee!" he sang horribly off key.

And with that, Harry Potter left the Wizarding World to deal with the job of cleaning up after HIM, for once.

Dumbledore sighed as he played with the silver instruments on his desk that nobody knew had a function. He had tried to explain it to Minerva once, but all she would do was say: "Really Albus!"

He was a bit miffed that Harry had just ran off like that when he wanted to return him to the Dursleys, even though there was no reason at all for that with Voldemort dead, but other than that, life was good. Filch terrorized the remaining students, Poppy was on a short holiday after working overtime healing the wounded from the battle,

and Severus, now Dark Mark free, was no doubt contemplating poisoning first years.

He abandoned his instruments in favor of bed, and fell asleep contently. Never noticing Fawkes winking at a seemingly empty corner of the room.

At 3 AM, the Headmaster of Hogwarts woke to the feel of a wand to his throat and before he could protest, a cloth was pressed against his face. It smelt horrible, and why was it so da.....

Harry saluted Fawkes and flashed the bird a brilliant grin as he carried the unconcious headmaster out.

ACK! Cold and wet!

Albus Dumbledore woke up confused, only to find himself laying on his side on a strange bed, his hands tied and his head and chest sopping wet.

"Well, goodmorning Headmaster," he heard the cold voice of Harry Potter, "excuse the wake-up call."

"Harry? Wh...What are you doing? Listen, my boy, just untie me and we will sit down for a chat..."

"I don't think so, Headmaster," Harry said, his face a blank mask, "We will chat, alright. But I will talk and YOU will listen for once."

"Harry, my boy..."

"What did I just say?"

Dumbledore jumped as a slight biting hex hit him.

"Voldemort is dead. I did what you idiots forced me to do. Now it's MY turn to do what I want. Now it is time for you to pay for what you did to me."

“Harry, it was for the greater goo...OUCH!” Another biting hex shut him up.

The Chosen One dragged the old wizard up and marched him to the bathroom, where the tub was filled already.

Dumbledore’s eyes widened. “A...are you going to drown me?”

Harry chuckled. “Oh, no, Headmaster. Look closely.”

The spinning silvery mass looked awfully familiar...the Headmaster’s jaw dropped.

“P..Pensieve?”

Harry sat down on the closed toilet seat. “Oh well, technically no, but I have 17 years of memories to store and a Pensieve just wasn’t big enough, so I had to use the tub.”

“You have no more memories?”

Harry rolled his eyes. “I duplicated them of course. Duh. I had no intention to effectively Obliviate myself. Now...”

He grabbed the Headmaster’s head, pushed it into the liquid and waited.

After a while, he pulled him back up. The old man gasped and spluttered horribly. Harry gave him a few moments to collect himself.

“It was...for the good...of the...”

Before he could finish his sentence, Harry shoved him back under.

This time he stayed down for longer until Harry remembered that he had to bring him back up sometime.

Dumbledore’s face was red, and his eyes looked haunted.

“I...did what I thought was best...”

Harry sighed and down under he went.

Checking his watch, he noticed the man had now been under for nearly fifteen minutes. That should have been enough.

This time when he pulled the headmaster up, the man had tears running down his face and he immediately tried to curl into a fetal position.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry Harry, I'm so sorry..." he repeated time and time again.

“Yeah well, it’s a bit late, don’t you think?” Harry commented, handing him a box of Kleenex.

After dubbing his face and blowing his nose, the Headmaster sat up, eyes still red and puffed up from crying. Harry snapped his fingers and the bonds disappeared.

“Is there...anything I can do...to make at least part of it up to you?”
Dumbledore asked.

“Doubt it, Headmaster. Not unless you plan to actually hold people responsible for what they did. And we both know that’s not going to happen.”

Dumbledore reached out to Harry, shocked by the defeated look on the young man's face.

Harry pulled back. "Too little, too late. You had your chance. I just wanted to make you understand. Just this once. Goodbye, Headmaster. I'm going home now to my real family, that you kept me away from all these years."

Leaving the repentant headmaster behind, Harry got his backpack and Apparated to the Burrow.

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Not unless you plan to actually hold people responsible for what they did. And we both know that's not going to happen.

Dumbledore had finally managed to Apparate back to Hogwarts without splinching himself and was now sitting on his couch, staring at the fire, hearing that one sentence in his mind over and over again.

"I'll surprise you, Harry, I promise you that," the Headmaster thought, smiling slightly for the first time.

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Petunia and Vernon Dursley were having a quiet dinner with their beloved son. Life was good for the Dursleys. They once more had a regular, normal house without any of the abnormalities that had been forced into their lives along with their nephew.

The boy had apparently done what those freaks had wanted him to do, and although it was a bit of a disappointment that he hadn't managed to get himself killed while doing it, he HAD at least picked up his bag and left.

Suddenly, out of the blue, just as Petunia piled more potatoes on her sons plate, the old wizard appeared, looking grim and smirking at the same time.

“Hello Petunia. I suppose you remember me? I’m the one who wrote the letter and asked you to take in a little boy. Asked you to treat him like a son. Do you remember that?”

The woman looked ready to faint.

“Let’s just assume you do. You can imagine my disappointment when I found out yesterday that you have NOT loved him or treated him like a son. In fact, you have neglected and abused him. I am not amused.”

Dudley hid under the table, using bits of the tablecloth to cover his bottom.

“Now, I confess that I share in this blame; I did not take your mistreatment of him seriously.”

Vernon Dursley puffed up. "We gave that freak you forced upon us houseroom, like you said."

“THE CUPBOARD UNDER THE STAIRS!” the old man blazed with fury, “that is NOT what I meant by ‘houseroom’! But yes, I did force him on you.”

“Besides, the little scumbag has left, and there is no evidence whatsoever that we mistreated him,” Vernon continued.

“I cannot have the Muggle authorities sue you, especially when Harry is not so inclined. But I can and I will make your lives miserable,” Dumbledore’s eyes suddenly gleamed in a very Slytherinisk way.

“Ah,” He continued, as the sound of sirens became clearer and clearer, “I do believe the first piece of misery is about to arrive.”

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“Harry! Harry did you see the newspaper?”

Harry yawned and nodded. “Yeah, I scanned the Prophet earlier when it was delivered.”

Hermione shook her head impatiently. “Not the Prophet, I meant the Times. Your relatives are in it.”

Harry shot up. "What? Why? Did they finally win the Best Kept Suburban Lawn Competition or something?"

“No Harry,” Hermione sighed, “they are in jail.”

Harry gaped. “J..jail?”

Hermione sat down to read the articles.

“Your cousin was arrested first, for bullying and beating up the kids in the neighborhood. Then your Uncle and Aunt were arrested for fraud. Well, your Uncle was arrested for fraud and your Aunt for conspiracy to...loads of stuff. Apparently,” Hermione snorted, “they claimed that a man suddenly appeared in their livingroom and proclaimed judgment on them. They said they have been set up by magic. They have been under psychiatric observation and will probably remain there.”

Harry leaned back with a satisfied smile, appreciating the utter irony of the story.

“So, Headmaster,” he said to himself, “I guess you ARE holding people responsible...I wonder what’s next...”

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“Harry, Ron, we are going to a meeting with Dumbledore!” Arthur and Molly yelled up the stairs.

“Fine, Mum!” both boys responded, “see you later!”

Harry, upstairs playing chess with Ron, abandoned the game and dug up his cloak.

“Oi! What are you doing, mate?”

"I'm going to the meeting."

Ron's eyes bulged. "You are? You've been awfully secretive lately...and you've been gone a couple of times...hey, you don't have a girl, do you?"

Harry grinned. "Mate, you'd be the first to know if I did. And you'll be the first to know once I can divulge what I'm doing now, too. I promise. And I also promise it's going to be goooooood," the expression on his

face made Ron shudder, once more reminded of how powerful Harry was.

"You kinda scare me, Harry," he said.

Harry clapped him on the shoulder before he pulled on the cloak.

“You’re my best friend, Ron. You have nothing to fear from me.” He whistled on his fingers.

Fawkes appeared, grabbed Harry and disappeared in a flash of fire, leaving Ron to stare at the place where his friend and now new brother had stood moments before.

"Yeah...nothing to fear...riiiight," he muttered.

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Fawkes dropped Harry at his corner in the room, where he had a perfect view of every person in the meeting. Fawkes settled next to him on his perch.

“Welcome to this last meeting of the Order of the Phoenix,”
Dumbledore said.

“I have quite a number of things on the agenda. Of course, Voldemort is no more...STOP THAT STUPID GASPING! If Harry can say his name without flinching, anyone can. For those of you who do not read Muggle newspapers, the Dursleys have been arrested for various charges. Quite unfortunate...”

Harry, under his cloak, held his hand over his mouth to stop snickering.

He saw Mad Eye Moody's eye whirl towards him, and he gave the old Auror a lopsided grin and a small wave.

After a moment's hesitation, the man rolled his magical eye in acknowledgement and turned his attention to the meeting.

“Then. Arthur, I have an important question to you. Would you like to become Headmaster of Hogwarts?”

Harry nearly jumped. He looked at Fawkes, but the bird merely gave him a ‘I know something you don’t know’ look.

Arthur’s mouth fell open. “But...but Albus...are you retiring?”

“No,” Dumbledore said, his smile fading, “I have sacked myself. I’m fired. Out.”

“You fired yourself?” Minerva asked, “but the Board!”

“Well,” Dumbledore said, practically dancing in place, “I pointed out to them that it is illegal to have Death Eaters on the Board of Governors. And that their...lack of consideration for this completely understandable rule might have complicated the war efforts. They were quite willing to agree with me on almost anything.”

“But...what are you going to do, Albus?” Molly asked.

“I’m going to retire. And I’m going to take a few childcare classes. It seems, that after over 100 years of teaching, I must conclude I don’t know anything about children. I had a talk with Harry...”

“Oh, yes, Saint Potter,” Snape sneered, “his word is law by now, isn’t it? He can dictate even you. It wouldn’t surprise me if he set up his relatives...”

“He didn’t,” Dumbledore said firmly, his eyes warning the former spy.

“Oh come on, Albus, he never thought the rules applied to him! His father...”

Everyone in the room felt their jaws sink gently to their lap as the headmaster stalked over to the potions master and dragged him off his chair.

“I should have done this many years ago,” he said, “I’m sorry to say I have neglected you just as much as I neglected Harry.”

With that, he put one foot on the now abandoned chair, forced the potions master to bend over his knee and proceeded to give him a sound spanking.

Harry’s eyebrows reached his hairline and he turned to Fawkes with a “What the f” expression on his face. The bird returned the exact same look.

The potions master’s yelling and screaming eventually died down to sobs. Dumbledore pulled him up and hugged the whimpering man.

“You are fired as well, Severus. No more teaching children for you. You’re coming with me, and are finally going to get the therapy you obviously need.”

Still holding Snape against his shoulder, he turned to the rest of the group.

“Well, that concludes the final meeting of the Order. It was an honor fighting alongside you. Arthur, I’ll contact you on the transition later. For now, goodbye.”

The stunned Order members quickly cleared the room.

Harry wasn’t in much better shape then they were, still not believing what he had just seen. Then his eye fell on a list on Dumbledore’s desk.

People to hold responsible:

Dursleys – taken care of

Myself – taken care of

Severus – taken care of The list was clearly self-updating.
Fudge Umbridge

Harry snorted. He couldn't wait to see what would happen to Fudge and that horrible toadwoman.

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“What are you grinning about?” Ron asked, “Mum and Dad came back from the meeting looking like they’d seen Voldemort dancing on the table in a pink tutu, and you are acting weird.”

Harry smirked, and slung an arm around the shoulders of his best friend.

“Ronald, my boy, soon I’m going to put all my memories of the past days in a Pensieve and let you have fun with them. Oh, and your father is now the new headmaster of Hogwarts.”

“OUR father,” Ron corrected absentmindedly, before the rest of the sentence registered.

“Headmaster? But...McGonagall...Dumbledore...Dad?”

Harry nodded happily. "Ron-boy, brother of mine, life is just about perfect," he sighed.

Ron looked decidedly uncomfortable.

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The prison guard brought a not so imposing anymore Vernon Dursley to the area where he would be receiving his visitor.

He did go purple when he saw his nephew, smirking at the little table.

“Boy! Tell these people that we are telling the truth and get us out!”

Harry raised his eyebrows, a picture of angelic innocence.

"But Uncle Vernon...you don't expect me to LIE, do you?"

Harry was licking a sundae in the Zoo where he first met the Boa from Brazil, watching the reptile&hibian house.

An old man with a long beard approached the caretaker. He was dressed in purple linnen trousers with a pink shirt. Harry shook his head in embarrassment.

He leaned closer to hear, making sure his glamours were on.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Evans. We don’t often have the opportunity to purchase two specimens from such a rare species. We will take good care of them, we promise.”

After the old man had left, Harry approached the caretaker.

“What are THOSE?” he exclaimed.

“A very rare species of toads,” the caretaker said proudly, “see? They aren’t very pretty, but when they get angry, they get really venomous.”

“What are you going to do with them?” Harry asked, carefully studying the toads, who seemed to be glaring at him.

“Well, since they are an endangered species, we want to try and see if we can set up a breeding program with these two...”

Harry choked on his sundae.

“See, this here is a male, and this a female. The old man who brought them said their names are Cornelius and Dolores. Gave ‘em to us for free on the condition we would keep those names. Want to help me put them in their new home?”

“Sure,” Harry grinned widely, ignoring the hateful way the frogs were now secreting venom at him.

Harry helped the caretaker put Cornelius and Dolores in their new environment, and was even allowed to feed them some insects.

“Oooh, look,” the caretaker said happily, “the female is already approaching the male for a mating ritual...poor bloke doesn’t seem too interested though...”

Harry watched the cowering Cornelius-toad who tried to shie away from the Dolores-toad. When she looked like she was about to jump the other toad, Harry thanked the caretaker quickly and rushed out of the building, not wanting to lose that sundae he just had.

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“Alright. So a child comes to you and tells you a problem. What do you do? Albus?”

"I erm...offer a lemon drop?"

The rest of the class groaned.

“Ye-es, but after that?”

“After that I offer some really vague advice and twinkle at them?”

The majority of the class was now banging their heads on the tables.

“Albus...this is childcare 101. Have you ever even SEEN a child?” the teacher asked exasperated.

“Well...I did work as a teacher and headmaster for about 100 years,” Albus offered.

“That must’ve been a disaster,” one of the other students said through clenched teeth.

“Enough for today. Homework, read chapters 10 and 11. Albus...I have some complementary reading for you...”

About a dozen books were thrust in the headmasters hands.

"Thank you, my boy," the headmaster twinkled at the pale and desperate teacher.

"So, taking classes?" he heard a voice from the back of the classroom when the teacher had ran off in search of coffee and tranquilizers.

"Harry!" Dumbledore exclaimed, dropping the stack.

Harry shrugged off his cloak.

"You surprised me, headmaster," Harry admitted, "I've been watching you. I never expected this. Thank you, I suppose."

Dumbledore smiled slightly. "Thank you, Harry, for setting me straight."

Harry nodded. "So, how's Snape?"

The former headmaster smiled nervously. "He's doing well. He's in therapy at the moment; three days a week. You...I mean, he...I didn't want..."

Harry held up a hand. "Oh, no, headmaster, I'm not here to demand that you...oh, you know...change him into a toad or something that...DRASTIC..."

Dumbledore went crimson.

"The man was a total bastard to me from day one, but I am not ignorant of the fact that he saved my life on several occasions despite hating me, and that he sacrificed much during the war. So it's fine. Good thing he's getting help, and is away from teaching I suppose."

Picking up the books, Dumbledore nodded. "He'll never teach again. He hates it. But he is making a lot of progress. He's supposed to be writing to you soon...I hope...I mean...could you..."

“Oh, I’ll go easy on him,” Harry said, “like I said, I know how much he sacrificed. I just wanted him to be held responsible for how he treated me and the others, Neville especially.”

He smiled.

“I’ll see you around, I suppose. I gotta go now; I promised Mum to help her degnome the garden.”

He folded his cloak.

“I’m going home. Oh and headmaster...” he smirked, “remember: Constant Vigilance, or you may end up in a tub.”

End. I think.

A/N: I got some requests to post the letter Snape was supposed to send to Harry. Well...here it is. Including the four rough drafts before the actual letter. Rough Draft 1, Monday

"Potter,

My therapist feels it is a good idea for me to write to you. It has been pointed out to me that you might feel that I have treated you unfairly in the past.

I'm sorry if you feel that my behavior towards you has had any negative impact on you.

Be assured that I do not hate you. I merely despise you for being an attention seeking, glorified, spoiled brat.

S. Snape."

"Do you really feel like this, Severus?"

"What, Doc? I did apologise, like you instructed, didn't I?"

The therapist sighed. "Severus, I didn't want you to apologise because I told you to, but because you wish to. Besides, you are not apologising. You are implying that not only was the young man at fault for your behavior towards him, but also for not liking it."

"That about sums it up, yes."

"Why are you so angry with him?"

"Because he's an attention seeking, glorified, spoiled..."

"Stop it. This won't work unless you are honest with me, Severus. Now. Come back tomorrow with another draft of this letter."

Rough draft 2, Tuesday.

"Potter,

I sincerely wish to apologise for having caused you anxiety and stress in the years I was teaching you.

I see now that you are not an arrogant, spoiled, attention seeking brat, and that the fact that I had to keep both Dumbledore and Voldemort happy, and teach dunderheads whilst having to save your life on numerous occasions was actually a great honor for me.

Who cares I could have died or been exposed as a spy in the process?

I shall now leave to live my life as a hermit in repentance for all I have done to you.

Severus Snape.”

“So that is why you are angry at the boy, Severus? Because he added to an already stressful life?”

“And got rewarded for it.”

“And you never were?”

“NO! In his first year, I saved him from Quirell, I got hurt trying to keep the Stone safe, and in a fit of typical Gryffindor recklessness he defeated Voldemort. THEY were rewarded a total of 170 points at the Leaving Feast, and lost MY house the Cup.”

“So you feel you were penalized for protecting him?”

“Of course! I threw myself in front of that blasted werewolf for them in his third year. I already had to put up with Lupin that year, even brew him Wolfsbane. I saved his life again – I didn’t know at that moment that he didn’t need saving from Black – and then the little whelp goes out and loses me the Order of Merlin I was to receive.”

“Put up with Lupin? What is it about Lupin that you hate? You have faced worse things than a werewolf.”

“ ... ”

“Severus?”

“ . . . ”

“Very well. sigh Write another letter, and we’ll discuss it tomorrow.”
Rough draft 3, Wednesday

“Mr Potter,

My therapist is having me write this letter. So if I were you, I shouldn’t believe even half of it’s contents.

Well, it is true that I do not really hate you. And that I was probably wrong in how I treated you. (I have to say this. My therapist insists, and Albus does as well. And he has a wickedly strong arm...ermm...argument that makes quite an impression.)

You are not your father, or your godfather. They were murdering bastards who made my life hell. You are just a child that suffered from being raised by very incapable Muggles, and subsequently by very incapable Wizards.

I suggest you respond to this letter in a neutral, forgiving way or we will be forced into a joint therapy session which I imagine neither of us would enjoy.

Severus Snape.”

“Correct me if I’m wrong, Severus, but I get the feeling that you have been suffering from the ‘kicking the cat’ syndrome.”

“I may be evil, but I am not in the habit of kicking cats, thank you very much.”

“No, you misunderstand me. What I meant to say is, that you seem to be projecting the anger you feel towards your former classmates onto the boy.”

“ . . . ”

“Severus?”

“Well...you might perhaps be correct in that.”

“And you are afraid of expressing anger towards Albus.”

“I’ve expressed anger towards Albus on many occasions.”

“Really? Have you told him how you felt that he was rewarding Harry and penalizing you over the years?”

“N...no...but I did complain about Harry.”

“But never how you really feel.”

“We were in a war, Doc. How we felt was not important.”

“You mean, how YOU felt was not important.”

“Oh, no, not just mine. Albus never regarded Harry’s feelings about anything either.”

“So you are angry at Albus.”

“No.”

“Severus...remember you have to be honest. Are you angry with Albus?”

“NO! And you can’t MAKE me!”

“Before you leave, don’t forget to write...”

SLAMMMMMMMM

“...another letter for tomorrow...”

Rough draft 4, Thursday

“Mr Potter,

I greatly doubt that I will ever send this letter.

Recently, I discovered a thing or two. And, oh utter irony, I realized that you are possibly the only person on the whole bloody planet who will understand me.

There. I broke my quill just writing that down.

Anyway, I got very angry earlier and ran out when my therapist suggested I might be angry with Albus Dumbledore. That was difficult, because no one ever is angry with Albus Dumbledore, right? He is perfect after all.

Then I began thinking about my feelings towards him and realized I AM very angry. And, Merlin help me, that the only person I know who will feel the same is you.

See, we're not from very different backgrounds. Some of it you saw during our Occlumency lessons...if you can call them that...like I saw your memories. I should have realized that before, but I was too preoccupied with your resemblance and connection to my greatest tormentors to notice.

Anyway, I am angry at Albus. I didn't mind being his spy. I made that choice myself after all. I didn't mind putting my life on the line for the good of the Wizarding World. I even didn't mind that the Wizarding World despises me. Or perhaps I do. You have some experience with the 'public' as Rita Skeeter loves to call the dunderheads who believe everything they are told without a second thought.

What I do mind, though, is that Albus never bothered to even recognize what I had done and sacrificed. Instead, many times he seemed to even punish me for my efforts on your behalf. Don't think I'm begging for you to thank me! I would never beg, and I do realize you were a child.

And then, during the last Order meeting, when I once again could not control my anger and insulted you, he dragged me off my chair, forced me to bend over and spanked me in front of the whole room.

Yes, laugh. I bet this makes your wildest dreams come true, doesn't it? I bet the people in that room thought so, at least. I suggest you publish this letter in the Daily Prophet, so countless generations of Hogwarts students can experience a warm feeling of satisfaction at the thought of my humiliation that day.

Don't be deceived by the headmasters looks. He is much stronger than he appears. I couldn't sit for nearly two days.

Anyway, Harry, I decided to vent all of this in a never-to-be-sent letter to you, considering you know what I'm talking about when I complain of him not being supportive, being secretive, and downright manipulating me.

I was angry at first that you broke into my Pensieve, but I understand wanted information. In your place, I would probably have done the same. I DID do the same, breaking into your mind over and over again. I apologise.

So, that concludes my rant, I think.

With regards,

Severus Snape."

"This is a very honest letter, Severus. I am impressed."

"Thank you. And sorry for running out on you yesterday..."

"Oh, that is quite alright. Sometimes it takes time to sort out your feelings. But why not send this letter to Harry?"

"Are you kidding? That letter is going to be burned before I leave this office."

"Why is that?"

"Because I would never be able to look that boy in the face again if he knew what happened at the meeting....and Albus might be angry."

“And...?”

“And...well...”

“Severus, stop fidgeting. You’re demolishing my silk pillow. What scares you about Albus being angry?”

“Immafraidhewillspankmeagainifhegetsangrywithme”

“Oookaaay....slowly this time.”

“I’m...I’m afraid he will spank me again if he gets angry with me.”

“I doubt that is because of the pain.”

“Yes...no...well, I’ve had much, much worse. It’s more like...I started going here because he made me, because I wanted to please him and...and...”

“And you are afraid he will punish you again for doing your best to obey him.”

“....y...yes. Yes.”

“So, who are you really angry at?”

“James...and Sirius...and Remus...well, not really Remus, I’m just scared of him because of the Werewolf incident...and Albus. I’m...I’m not angry with Harry. I’m...not sure how I feel about him, but I don’t hate him.”

“Very good, Severus. We will adress those issues in the near future, but first finish your letter to Harry, ok?”

Final version, Friday

“Mr Potter,

May I call you Harry? I realize I have not really earned the right to adress you as a friend, but using your last name reminds me of my inexcusable behavior towards you over the years.

I do apologise for my biased and intolerant behavior towards you and your friends. I was blinded by your resemblance to your father, I fear.

I am currently in therapy to sort out the issues from my past, and this week my therapist and I have been working on my feelings towards you. He calls what I did the 'kicking the cat syndrome', meaning I projected my feelings towards your father, his friends and the Headmaster on you. I see now that I do not hate you at all, though I suppose I have given you plenty of reason to hate me.

Also, I wish to thank you for defeating Voldemort. It was a very courageous act, and on a personal note I thank you for setting me free.

You are finally living the life you always wanted, I imagine, with a loving family and not plagued by Dark Lords going after your blood, literally.

So I can't imagine that you would agree to be present at one of my therapy sessions, but I do hope one day I will have the chance to apologise in person.

With the utmost respect,

Severus Snape.

Harry Potter smiled as he read the letter an unfamiliar tawny owl had brought him. He vaguely wondered how many times the therapist had sent Snape back to the drawing board for this letter.

"Harry? What have you got there, mate?" Ron poked his head around the door.

"A letter from Snape," Harry responded, handing him the parchment.

Ron whistled as he had finished reading.

"Blimey, Harry, this is...weird. Do you think he's serious? Are you going to respond?"

Harry smiled. "Yes, he is and yes, I am. In fact, I'm going to write it right now. I'll be down in half an hour for our Quidditch game."

Harry's answer, Saturday.

"Professor Snape,

thank you for your letter. I am pleased you are doing well.

No thanks are necessary for defeating Voldemort, however; it was my pleasure.

Let me thank YOU, though, for saving my life on so many occasions since I was just a baby, and for not treating me like a celebrity. You were mean and nasty, but at least you were ALWAYS mean and nasty. Not as flighty as the opinions of the rest of the Wizarding World.

Regarding your...well, it wasn't really a question, was it? Regarding the last paragraph of your letter, I would be glad to attend if your therapist feels it is a good idea.

Let me know.

Kind regards,

Harry James Potter, aka No Longer The Bloody Boy Who Lived."

"Are you nervous, Severus?"

"Wouldn't you be, Doc?"

"I AM nervous, Severus. I think I should request that both of you turn in your wands, just to be on the safe side."

"I won't hex him!"

"Actually, I was more afraid of the two of you hexing me..."

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“Ah, that’ll be him. Sit down and relax, Severus...everything will be fine.”

Harry sighed. “I really prefer you let him keep his wand,” he said to the therapist, “I don’t use one. I’m fully capable of performing wandless magic. It would only be fair if he kept his.”

The potions master looked up in surprise.

“You do not wish to have an advantage over me?” he asked, rather meekly, “after all the times I abused my advantage over you?”

Harry grinned. "Well, I could start asking you impossible questions and berate you for not knowing the answers, but honestly, that'd be too much trouble."

Snape blushed.

Harry noticed a piece of paper on the table. "What is that?"

Before he could see it, Snape snatched it away. “You promised you’d burn it!” he glared at the therapist.

"I thought Harry should read it," his glare was met head on and defeated.

"It was by far the most honest of the four rough drafts you wrote, Severus."

After some hesitation, Snape handed the paper to Harry, who began to read.

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“Where’s Harry, Ron?”

“Away, Mum.”

"I can see that, of course, but where has he gone?"

Molly Weasley frowned. She had been forced by Arthur and her elder sons not to be overprotective of Harry, though that was hard. She

knew he was powerful, but she also still saw the child that had been abused by the people who were supposed to care for him. The twins helpfully offered to give her a charmed coin, that would sent a biting hex whenever she coddled Harry too much, but she had declined.

Harry, for the most part, was a perfect son. He helped her degnome the garden without complaint, cooked breakfast for her at least three times a week so she wouldn't always have to be up early, and greatly appreciated anything she did for him.

But he did have this tendency to disappear without letting anyone know where, and although he had assured her he was perfectly safe and knew what he was doing, that he had defeated Voldemort so she should know he could take care of himself – she still worried.

"It's hormonal, you know," Fred said.

“The moment a girl becomes a mother...” his twin added

“she goes into overprotection mode...”

“completely reasonable and sensible girls...”

“suddenly change into dominating, yelling yeti’s...”

“as soon as their children are involved.”

Molly chased the twins out, smiling a bit.

“Actually, mum,” Ron said, “Harry got a letter from Snape – professor Snape – last week. He is in therapy, apparently, and his therapist had suggested he should ask Harry to attend a session. Harry agreed to meet him there today.”

He didn't understand why his parent's eyes suddenly glazed over a bit, as if they were recalling something particularly strange.

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Harry finished reading, and his gaze rested on the bowed head of the man before him.

“Yes,” he said softly, “I understand completely. Albus Dumbledore has a lot of power and influence; it’s not easy to convince people he might make mistakes, or be outright wrong. I’m sorry for what my father and his friends did, they should never have been allowed to do that.”

He sighed. “I can’t apologise for what I did at school. I did what I thought was the right thing to do with the information I had. I am sorry, however, that you always ended up being punished somehow. You didn’t deserve that.”

The potions masters head shot up. “You really think so?”

Harry raised an eyebrow. “I remember one incident, when I was up in the sky, on a bucking broom...”

A snort came from the other man.

“While seeing you with your robes on fire was entirely satisfactory at the time, due to your behavior in class, it IS true that it was poor repayment for your efforts on my behalf.”

He leaned forward, elbows on his knees. “I would have died. You saved my life. Yes, I did want you to pay for all the misery you put me through at school, but I fancy myself a bit more mature now. Now I also want to see you praised for the times you saved me.”

Snape stared at him, before snorting again. “Also?” Then he took a deep breath.

“It was my fault to begin with. I may have saved your life, but you hadn’t done anything to me that first class. There was no excuse to my behavior. All I can say is that every demon from my childhood came back to haunt me when I saw your face. So much, in fact, that I didn’t even see Lily’s eyes looking back at me, instead of your father’s.”

Harry plucked at a pillow, earning a glare from the therapist.

“Dumbledore said you gave as good as you got,” he muttered, not entirely ready yet to believe the worst of his father.

Snape hesitated.

“Severus, remember to be honest,” the therapist softly said, “and Harry, remember that Severus’s thoughts about your father and godfather aren’t objective either. I am sure they both had their good qualities as well.”

Nodding, Snape continued. "Yes, Harry. They did have their good qualities. Apart from Pettigrew, they were amazingly loyal towards those they considered one of their own. But...yes, I was quite skilled at defending myself. Nevertheless, it was still four against one, a fact that the headmaster consistently fails to acknowledge."

“You know, it does seem to come back to Dumbledore a lot, doesn’t it?” Harry grinned widely.

Snape lowered his eyes. “He saved me from Azkaban. I have no right...”

“Severus,” the therapist warned.

"If I go against him..." the former spy whispered, a touch of fear in his voice.

Harry stood up. "He won't hurt you," he said, holding out his hand to hoist his former professor to his feet, "I think you and I need to visit a few places...including my brothers' shop."

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“Why are we in a zoo?”

"You'll see."

The two blackhaired men approached the amphibian house, where the keeper greeted Harry enthusiastically.

“Hi! Nice to see you again.”

“Hey Mark. How are Dolores and Cornelius?”

Snape’s head whipped up, and he stared at Harry in shock.

“Well,” the keeper said, “we’ve been encouraging them to mate. The female seems willing enough, but we have to put the male on top of her to...you know.”

He grinned. “Normally, I’d say find them another partner, but since their species is next to extinct, we are hoping for a whole lot of tadpoles one day. But go on in to see them. We always get the best samples of poisonous secretion when you’ve been by to visit.”

As they walked on, the potions master turned to Harry. “Do I even want to know?”

Harry giggled giddily. “Albus changed them into toads and gave them to the zoo. I come by to visit them once or twice a week. They seem to have kept their own minds somewhat. They really hate me. Mark lets me take samples of their poison sometimes. Maybe you can use the stuff for potions.”

Snape paled. “Merlin, no. I can’t imagine brewing...or forcing anyone to drink...a potion that has something Dolores Umbridge secreted in it.”

And his feelings on this matter were soon confirmed when they stood in front of the two ugliest toads he had ever seen.

Granted, the male was slightly less ugly than the female, but still.

Snape stared at them. And stared. And then he began to chuckle. And snicker. Until he laughed outright.

The toads were clearly outraged. They freely secreted away, as Harry had come to call it. Mark looked happy.

Harry dragged the still giggling potions master from the building, over to the Zoo restaurant, where he finally calmed.

“Thanks,” Snape said, wiping the tears from his eyes, “thanks for showing me that.”

Harry smirked. "And this is just the beginning."

The potions master looked up. “What do you mean?”

Grinning widely, Harry waved for the waitress to bring them some lunch. "Have you ever visited 93, Diagon Alley....?"

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Dumbledore walked out of his Remedial Childcare class and decided to head for home to 'discuss' changing therapists with Severus. He retrieved his cloak from the cloakroom, and stepped outside.

He wondered why the people in the street were all looking at him with such strange expressions. They never did that. Adult looked at him, eyes wide and mouths open, before they shyly averted their eyes and hurried on.

“Daddy, Daddy, look! That man isn’t wearing clothes!” he heard a small boy squeek, and he looked around confused, trying to find the naked man.

Then he looked down.

“OH MERLIN!” he screeched. His clothes had apparently become transparant. He swallowed, his face bright red. There was no way he could Apparate unnoticed. Well, Apparating wouldn’t be a problem. Unnoticed, that would be difficult with half the street staring at him. Performing the countercurse without anyone noticing was impossible. There was only one thing he could do. He ran for it.

“STREAKER COMING THROUGH!” he heard a few voices yell after him, but he ignored them.

Finally, he reached a quiet place, and Apparated straight for home.

Never noticing the grinning men that had been sitting, strategically hidden, outside one of the cafe's.

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After performing the countercurse, and checking at least five times that his entire body was decently covered, he threw in some Floo powder and contacted Snape's therapist.

"Yes?" the doctor said.

“Ah, hello. I was wondering if Severus was still with you? He is not home yet...”

The therapist seemed somewhat annoyed. “Yes, he is still here. He had a rather important session today and I really do not appreciate being interrupted.”

Inwardly, the man grinned. Harry and Snape had asked to cover for Severus for a few hours, and he was happy to oblige.

“Yes, well, I’m sorry about that. But since I’m talking to you anyway, I fear I feel it is better for Severus to find another therapist.”

The doctor noticed, over the old man's shoulders, two figures behind the headmaster.

He raised his eyebrows. "And why is that?"

“I feel Severus isn’t...isn’t making as much progress as I’d expected,” Dumbledore explained, “so I will find him another therapist.”

"Is that so? Because both Severus and myself don't feel that way. And since he is my client..."

"But I pay for his sessions," the old man countered, "and I'm sure Severus will agree with me that going elsewhere is better for him."

"For him or for you?" the therapist was losing patience, "I will not stop Severus's sessions until he indicates he feels he will benefit more from seeing one of my colleagues. If you think you can blackmail him or me with refusing to pay for sessions that you forced him into taking in the first place, you're dead wrong. If you intend to carry out your threat, I will simply treat him free of charge."

Dumbledore's eyes stopped twinkling, and he abruptly ended the call. Upstairs, in Snape's room, the occupant and his companion appeared.

"I wouldn't change therapists, if I were you," Harry said, smiling broadly, "he seems very protective of you, and not at all impressed with Albus."

Snape sighed. "Albus will force me into changing, anyway," he said morosely.

Harry shook his head. "All you have to do is say no. I'll be backing you. Why are you still living with him, anyway? It seems you would be better off on your own."

Staring out of the window, Snape grudgingly admitted, "He has control over my vault. I can't go anywhere."

"He's holding you prisoner?" Harry exclaimed, "Oh Merlin, I'm sorry."

He ruffled his unruly hair. "When I told him I wanted him to hold people responsible for what they did to me, I never thought he'd go this far."

Snape snorted. "This has nothing to do with you. It's been like this since before you even became the Boy Who Lived. It is how he

ensured my loyalty after the first war. I guess that now, he finds his power over me too convenient to give up."

Harry's eyes were ablaze with anger. "That's it. You're coming home with me. Dad'll fix this. But first, we are going to have some fun."

"I don't think I want to face them, after they saw...I mean..." the man blushed.

"You'll live," Harry said, "it'll be embarrassing at first, but they won't bring it up, I know. They haven't so far."

Snape's eyes widened. "You were there too!" he paled so much even his lips were devoid of color.

The former Boy Who Lived avoided his eyes. “Yes. It was the last Order meeting. I have defeated Voldemort, yet I was not invited. Fawkes has been helping me. If you want,” he looked up, “I’ll let you obliviate that memory.”

The level of trust he was shown shocked the potions master. Then he smiled weakly. “That won’t be necessary, I think. I gladly accept your offer. Including the pranks. I liked the one we did earlier.”

He held out his hand, and Harry took it.

With mischievous smirks, they set to work.

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Dumbledore was sulking. Though he didn't call it sulking. No, he preferred to refer to his current activity as 'contemplative reflection'.

Any other human being called it sulking.

He idly popped a lemon drop in his mouth and suckled.

“ALBUS PERCIVAL WULFRIC BRIAN! No sweets before dinner!” he heard a well-remembered voice say suddenly.

He looked up. “MOM?”

A stern looking white-haired witch tapped her foot impatiently. “Well? What are you waiting for? Hand over the sweets. And no dinner for you tonight!”

He didn't even think to refuse. Emptying his pockets, he handed over every single lemon drop he had.

When he finished doing that, the image took the candy, and disappeared. Leaving him lemon-dropleess.

He never even noticed the camera catching his perplexed expression.

Sighing, he decided to go to Hogsmeade to procure some more of his favorite sweets. Upon entering Honeydukes, however, all lemon drops started wailing and hopped away from him. He idly tried to catch them, but they were fast as fleas. Desperate, he crawled around on his hands and knees, hoping to find at least one that didn't avoid him.

It took him several minutes to realize that it was a Hogsmeade weekend. And that a whole crowd of students had gathered outside the shop, laughing as their esteemed former headmaster was begging obviously charmed sweets to come back to him.

In the crowd, two cloaked figures chuckled along with the children.

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“Of course we will take Severus in,” Arthur said warmly, laying a hand on the potions master’s shoulder, “I’m sure I’ll have your accounts sorted out soon, once I pull some strings at the Ministry. It really is ridiculous that you have no control over your own money.”

Harry smiled gratefully. He saw Ron scowl a bit in a corner, but ignored it for the moment.

"Fred and George are coming over for dinner, Mum," he said.

“Oh? You saw them today?” Molly beamed, always happy to have a large part of her family together.

“Well,” Harry squirmed, “Severus and I may have visited the store today...”

“And I thought that while my accounts aren’t settled yet, I could help out the twins...make sure they don’t do any dangerous experimenting,” Severus lied smoothly.

Ron caught Harry's eye, and grinned as his mother sent Severus a grateful look.

"Nice one," he mouthed.

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Dumbledore sat in his living room after a decidedly bad day. When he had recovered from the...incident...at Honeydukes, he had found someone had planted more pranks for him. Such as the mini dungbombs, based on a Muggle Whoopee cushion. In the middle of the Three Broomsticks one had suddenly gone off, making it appear he suffered flatulence problems. Poppy Pomfrey, who had happened to be present, even offered to do a checkup.

And then, when he had fled to the Hog's Head, a lemon custard cream had turned him into a canary.

So now he was back in his chair, once again pouting.

A noise made him look up. Severus came in, cloaked, levitating his trunk.

“Where do you think you are going?” Dumbledore asked.

“Away,” the younger wizard replied.

“You have nowhere to go. Get back upstairs.” Dumbledore wasn’t in the mood for any grandfatherly behavior.

“No, Headmaster. I’m leaving, and I don’t plan on coming back. I don’t plan to thank you for your care either.”

Standing up, the old man frowned. “Who would take you in?”

“We did,” a second voice said merrily. Harry appeared.

“You see,” Severus explained, shrinking his trunk, “I did have an important session today. Harry agreed to come for a joined session. We made our peace. He and his family decided to take me in when they learned you are holding me prisoner here.”

The ancient wizard gasped. “I’m not holding you prisoner! I’m only doing this for your own good.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Severus sighed, “sure. You wanted to force me to change therapists because you couldn’t get the Doc to betray doctor/patient confidentiality. I’m sure that was for my own good.”

As the two walked towards the door, Dumbledore realized something.

“Those pranks today...”

He knew the answer when he saw two smirks.

The door closed with a sound BANG. He dropped into his chair and finally did some honest reflection.

Two hours later, Severus’s therapist received another Floo call from Albus Dumbledore.

“Hello doctor,” the old man said weakly, “tell me...do you have room for one more patient?”

A/N: This chapter is not for the squeamish. You have been warned. I felt obliged to up the rating.

“Hey Mark! You look happy today!”

“Hey Harry, hi, Severus. Yes, we have some good news, finally. Since Cornelius kept refusing to mate with Dolores, we finally took matters into our own hands and used artificial insemination.”

Severus choked on his icecream cone. “Artificial...insewhat?”

“Artificial insemination,” Mark replied happily.

“I didn’t know that could be done on frogs,” Harry muttered, discarding his own icecream. He suddenly didn’t feel like eating the green frozen yoghurt anymore.

“Oh, no, in fact, frogs were among the first species that artificial insemination was practiced on. In 1780, Lazzaro Spallanzani experimented with it, using frogs, among other animals.”

Seeing the two blackhaired males staring at him in utter shock and horror, he chuckled.

“Come on in, I’ll show you our lab.”

Mark nearly danced around, showing off the fertilized eggs.

“We were VERY careful, because we didn’t want Cornelius to die, of course, which usually happens when harvesting the testis for fertilization. We put him under. Once the male is completely anesthetized, we remove the testis via an incision in the abdominal wall normally. In his case, we were more careful and managed to extract them without cutting him open completely. It’s pretty close to the aorta, though, so it was touch and go.”

Harry and Severus both winced a bit at the description of the procedure.

“The female is different. You can give her hormone treatment and then squeeze out the eggs once the cloaca is red and swollen. Takes about four hours, usually, but for some reason this one reacted a bit different – needed more hormones. Anyway, then you hold back her legs, aim the cloaca at the dish to make sure you don’t dribble the eggs all over your fingers, and squeeze.”

“And there you have it. Soon to be tadpoles. Great, eh?”

After the tour, Harry and Severus visited the toads. The Dolores toad was looking extremely happy, in a froggish kind of way, while the Cornelius toad was obviously in shock.

Harry muttered to Severus, “Imagine, Severus – hundreds of Fudge/Umbridge crossbreeds.”

“I prefer not to think of it,” Severus said, slightly green, “I must admit the lab was very interesting, and I certainly will correspond with Mark to see if there is anything in their research that is helpful to our own world, but I refuse to think about THAT.”

“What? You can’t stand the thought of Umbitch’s cloaca being squeezed...”

“HARRY!”

“Ooooh,” Harry moaned suddenly, “I made myself sick, I think.”

Waving at a whistling Mark, they stepped into the fresh air.

“Do you think they’ll even make it?” Harry asked, “after all, they’re not REALLY toads.”

“They are now,” Severus replied, “Albus is a master of Transfiguration. The change is most likely permanent until he dispels it.”

“On them, yes, but on their erm...tadpoles?”

I regret allowing myself to believe I could never be wrong.

I regret not spending more time with Severus.

I regret not teaching both him and the Marauders right from wrong.

I regret not talking to Sirius and pushing for a trial.

I regret placing Harry with the Dursleys and never checking up on him.

I regret coming within striking distance of Molly Weasley's rolling pin after she found out what the Dursleys were really like.

I regret manipulating and controlling Severus for so long.

I regret never telling him and Harry how proud I am of them.

I regret taking Sybil Trelawny seriously.

I regret hitting Severus.

I regret allowing their enmity to continue for so long without getting them help.

I regret threatening to stop paying for Severus's sessions when I didn't get my way.

It's a whole list, Doctor. Do I have to continue?"

The doctor smiled. "You are nearly 160 years old. One would expect a much longer list at that age."

"You think I lied?"

"No, not at all. I am merely pointing out that no one is perfect, and that very few of us, at 160, can say they can list all their faults in a single page."

"I always assumed I am perfect, even when I tell people I am not. True, these mistakes take less than a page, but so many people suffered because of me."

The Doctor shook his head.

"Do not take blame that isn't yours. It is arrogant to think you can never be wrong, it is equally arrogant to assume that you could have prevented everything that went wrong with the world."

The Doctor's eyes penetrated the clear blue ones of the old man. "You made mistakes with Tom Riddle. But who is responsible, in the end, for Tom's behavior and Tom's choices?"

"But.."

"Who?"

"Tom. But if I had..."

"Maybe it would have made a difference, maybe not. There's no way of knowing. Tom chose his own path. You didn't rob him of his free will, he could still have turned from the Dark. And Severus. As much as I care about Severus, he too made his own mistakes and choices. Your mistakes contributed to that, but he was always free to make his own choice. As he showed when he came back to you. He has legitimate grievances against you, but he fully admits to making the wrong choices, on his own.

You should have talked to the Dursleys before you made your decision to leave Harry there, and you should have checked up on him, but the Dursleys made the choice to treat an innocent child like that. They are adults – they had the choice to at least treat him decently despite their fear of magic. Had they chosen to, they could even have learned to love him, but they didn't. That was their choice, not yours. Don't be so arrogant as to think you can control the choices and actions of the whole Wizarding World and beyond."

"But they depend on me! They want me to do that!"

“Do YOU want to do that?” the doctor countered.

"No-Yes. Maybe. I'm so used to dealing with people that way..."

“True. Habits of years...practically a century, really...are hard to break, but I am convinced you can do it. You’re a strong man. Few could’ve done all you did and still remain a good person.”

The former Headmaster snorted. “Tell that to Harry and Severus, and to Tom, wherever he is now. They hate me.”

“They are angry with you,” the doctor corrected, “that is not the same.”

“They keep pranking me...”

“Are their pranks harmful?”

“No. Just embarrassing sometimes. They charmed my clothes to be see-through. In the middle of a busy street, and I’m pretty sure they are responsible for the lemon drop prank as well. I don’t think they’ll ever forgive me.”

“They may or they may not. You have no influence on that. The only thing you can do is apologise to them and offer to make amends the best you can. After that, it’s up to them.”

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“Dear Harry,

I know you don't want to hear from me. I failed you so badly. I'm more sorry than I can ever say.

All I can do now is offer my apologies, though they will never be enough. I want to try and make amends, Harry. Please allow me to try that.

I don't think there's much more I can or should say. I fell into two traps: loving you, and thinking I could never be wrong.

I'm working hard on overcoming the latter. The former will forever hold true, no matter what. I've always been so very proud of you.

Sincerely,

Albus."

Harry sighed and watched Severus read his letter.

"Well, I knew something like this would be coming the moment Doc got his hands on him," the ex-spy said calmly, folding the letter.

"I guess. I'm surprised; I figured he'd spend pages telling me why I should forgive him."

"He didn't mention that either. He offered to try and make it up, though."

Suddenly whipping out his wand, Severus exploded a pillow.

"NOW he tells me he loves me, and that he's proud of me! What good is that? Why should I believe him? He's just writing down what the Doctor told him to!"

Panting slightly, Severus moved on to the chairs in the room while Harry followed him, repairing whatever he broke.

"Did you mean what you wrote in that letter to me?"

Severus turned around in surprise. "Of course I did. Though I meant what I wrote in the first draft too. I just saw things like they really were eventually, so what I wrote was still true."

Harry said nothing.

"So you think he means it?" Severus bit his lip and thought. "I guess we have to go tell him about the tadpoles anyway, right?"

“Nah, those are dead.”

“True. But, we could’ve been planning another prank.”

Dumbledore shot to his feet, his heart racing.

“Severus, Harry.”

“Yes, that’s us,” the Potions Master drawled. “We got your letters, and we’re here to talk about them later.”

“But first we need your help with the tadpole situation.”

“Tadpole situation?” Dumbledore repeated, stunned.

“Yes. You have to charm them. Mark will be ever so sad if they all die.”

“Mark?”

“Yes, Mark. The keeper of Cornelius and Dolores, two very rare toads.”

Dumbledore turned a light green. “You don’t mean to say…”

“Oh no,” Harry said cheerfully, and waited until Dumbledore breathed a sigh of relief before adding: “it’s worse than that, actually. See…”

Severus clasped a hand over Harry’s mouth.

“Enough! I don’t want to hear about it ever again. I’m in denial and I’m staying there.” He turned to Albus, a hand still over Harry’s mouth.

“Cornelius. Dolores. Artificial insemination. Hundreds of tadpoles. Need I say more?”

Finally it clicked and the old wizard first gasped, then turned green again, before he finally chuckled.

“Yes, it’s funny,” Harry said, finally having managed to get Severus’s hand away, “but we can’t just destroy the embryos. Mark is so happy that they finally managed it. Just make sure that they grow into

“I’m sorry, but you brought this on yourselves. I’m sure this young man Mark takes good care of you.”

The Dolores toad seemed to glare a bit less in agreement.

“Ah, you like him? He is quite taken by his new toads as well, I hear.”

This caused both toads to secrete angrily.

“Well, must be off. Wouldn’t want Mark to be upset if he found us here.”

With that, the ancient Mugwump calmly left the building, leaving two frustrated and angry toads behind.

“Oh, that was GREAT!” Harry snorted.

“Definitely amusing,” Severus agreed, “we owe you.”

Dumbledore smiled sadly. “I don’t suppose you’d repay me by allowing a few more joined sessions?” he inquired casually.

The Doctor was going to be busy.